under the necessity of taking a long circuit

to avoid being seen and appreliended as a

deserter and sent back to Glasgow. In con-

sequence of this caution, there was no ap-

pearance of him at the appointed hour.
The perplexity of the officer when he reach-

ed the neighborhood of Edinburgh may be

He moved forward slowly indeed, but no

soldier appeared, and mable to delay any

longer, he marched up to the castle, and as

he was delivering over the prisoners-but

before any report was given is Me, marbin,

the absent soldier, in-he mamong his fel-

low-prisoners, : pale with anxiety and fa-

ne consequences in which his delay might

have involved his benefactor. The whole four were tried, and condemned to be shot; but it was determined that only one should

It is some relief to know that the fatal lot

CHICKEN-BREEDING IN FRANCE.

Thanks to some singular statistics just published, for authenticity of which, how-

ever, I should hesitate to youch, a mystery

that has long hung over our dinner tables is

cleared up. English travelers or residents

in France must, like myself, have often wondered where all the fowls that figure

daily in the menus at every hotel, restaurant and private house in this country, at an matter what season of the year, can pes-

sibly come from. The supply appears to

which are followed by a train of one hun-dred million chickens, about a tenth part of these latter being destined for the duties of propagation. The forty millions of hens lay annually four milliards of eggs, which, at the rate of six centimes each—a trifle over

a halfpenny—the price paid to the breeder

realize a sum of two hundred and forty million francs. If to this amount be added the

proceeds from the sale of fowls, whether lean or fat, and taking into consideration also the surplus value attaching to eggs and birds by reason of city tolls, the total arrived at is set

down at the almost fabulous figure of five hundred and fifty million francs, or more than half a milliard, produced annually by French poultry yards. Neither ducks nor

culations; if they were, the gross sum would

have to be increased by several hundreds of millions of francs. So, accepting this cen-sus as tolerably near the mark, we may henceforth cease to be surprised at the

amount of clucken bones daily picked

TEARS AS A WEAPON.

Tears, chemically considered, are a weak

splashed into the eyes from the deep springs of the soul, into which a weight of sorrow

the contraction of certain muscles. It is

our present purpose to consider them as a weapon of attack and defense. They are the last resource of the gentler sex, the emo-

tional "last ditch," as it were. To use them

that they usually dribble down the nose.

The eyes get red, and the nose sympathizes

The eyes get red, and the nose sympathizes with the general moisture, and gets a sort of raw look at the end. It may be haid down as a rule that the woman who uses har handkerchief at this moment is lost. The dignity and effectiveness of tears is gone as soon as the mopping business begins. A light hysterical smills may be permitted if artistically executed with a gasp or sob, but no polishing off of eyelid or probessis is admissible. The best method is to hold the head erect, look the cruel tyrand in the face, and let the tears flow down while the lips feign a smille. If the head is bent forward the tears will run down the nose and drop

the tears will run down the nose and drop

off the end, and that spoils the whole thing.
Let us, for example, suppose that the fair
operator wants a spring bounet, a duck or
love of a bonnet. The stern and heartless

tyrant refuses, and even speaks in an un-feeling manner about bills. The skillful

practitioneress will not sulk or complain.

She will look up at him smilingly and pleadingly, and softly remark that she will continue to wear her old winter bonnet; then her chin will twitch, and a faint tremor

will be heard in her voice, and tears-idle tears-will flow one by one down her cheeks. Thereupon the stern tyrant opens his pock-

suffer, and they were ordered to draw !

was not drawn by the faithful soldier.

tigue and breathless with apprehens

e Paper Comthe track, and r. W. S. Corby

VENTION. New Jersey to ention, met in V. Shippen, of in Taylor Hall, eese of Newark Teese made a ers of the last efore the con-W. Shippen,

RS .

Mrs. Louis C. e, Mrs. Eliza E. C. & Elebman Wilhelm as, Mrs.

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PURE

EMICALS.

LET IRTICLES

"So I am to find you at last," he said. H'S did not wear that cruelly-used portion of his body upon his stead. Post Office.

"Have you not seen Lillian lately?" she at last found courage to ask. "No," he answered, and then she saw the frown gather on his brow, and an expression of pain come about his lips. "I see as little of your cousin as possible. You know, Miss Loring, I am no longer a subject for

"Yes, I know," she said. "I-" "Pon't pity me," he interrupted, "I

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

Nows From Home.

When the heart is very dreary,

Of the bonds that keep it lonely Like a bird in wicker stome,

Comes a messenger most cheery

Though it be a letter only.

For a mother wrote that "dearle," And it bringeth news from home

Strong in power to break the fetter

Tells that joy and grief are neighbors

Slowly wells a glist ning tear.

Present sorrows wings are taking

Pleasant memories are waking, And Life's sun bedecks with splen

Yet the sympathy that's hidden,

Makes the tears rise up unbidden

Her whom duty called to roam

O'er the welcome "news from home,"

Cousin Edith.

Lillian Ames stood leaning against the

casement of an open window leading on to

asloping lawn, at whose base flowed a sun-

It was one of England's fairest scenes on

which her eyes rested, and she was one of

England's fairest daughters. Even at this

moment, spite of the fact that her brow is

gathered in a frown, and the full, red lips

are unmistakably pouting, her beauty is un-

A few bold spirits have declared there was

little soul in the face; but the large, hazel

eyes could melt or flash at will; the dark lashes shaded a cheek white as parian mar-

ble, with rarely even a touch of color upon

its velvety surface, and the lithe, graceful

figure even unconsciously assumed new

grace in each unstudied poise, until one for-

got the question of soul in its perfect out-

Near her, reclining on a low easy chair,

sat a young girl of about her own age. At

dust glance the exquisite soul-leveliness of

her face paled in Miss Ames's more brilliant

sessor, and fewer to envy her. Something

"I cannot believe that you mean it, Lil-

tian," she said, "You have been engaged

to Oscar Dering a year, and how can you say

so carelessly that your engagement shall be

Beg pardon!" interrupted the other, in

low, ironical tones. "I have not been en-

graged to Oscar Dering twenty-four hours.

It was to Lord Oscar Dering I gave my

"Oh, out, Lillian, because he has lost

title and estate must he also lose the woman

of his love? Think a minute. You surely

"Nonsense, Edith! I am twenty-one-

no longer a girl of an age to live upon senti-

mentalism, but to look upon the every-day realities of life. When I engaged myself to

Lord During, I was the subject of congratu-lation among all my friends. Now that the

consin who was supposed to be dead crops

into life in some remote partion of the globe, and that Oscar insists upon renouncing the property in his behalf without even a strug-

de, I am not content to let these same con-

Oh, Lillian, do you think any one could

pity you for possessing so royal a gift as the

love of such a man? Think better of it,

dear. I know you care for him. Do not so

"You plead his cause eloquently, my

dear. Really, I did not know I possessed a

gival in my fair cousin. Perhaps a heart

paught in the rebound-you know the rest,

But the late speaker had passed through the

open window out of hearing, and advanced

to meet a man quickly approaching on the

greensward, while the young girl left behind

fell back in her chair, the great tears cours-

ing down her cheeks, on which the crimson

It was as though some ruthless hand had

snatched the veil from her own heart, leav-

ing exposed its most cherished secret -a se-

cret she had not known herself, until now

"I must leave this place. I cannot meet

him again. I must go home! But, oh!

Edith Loring and Lillian Ames were cou-

sins, but the one was the daughter of a cler-

gyman whose rectory was some ten miles

distant from Ames Court, one of the noblest

estates of England, and of which Lillian was

The girls, however, had been closely

united, more by the tie of friendship

than cousinship, since the latter was a

distant bond, and Ames Court was almost

as much Edith's home as her own. Now,

however, the homelier charms of the rectory

were very grateful to her. Here no one

She had been home six weeks, and twice

Oscar Dering had ridden over to see her,

but she had always denied herself to him on

She had been busy with thoughts of him,

wondering how he had borne his ruptured

troth, and reproaching herself for the cow-ardice which heretofore had forbidden her

meeting him, when she heard behind her the

quick tramp of a horse's hoofs. His rider

betrayed by her shame.

how can she give him up?"

"Lillian, you are cruel-cruel! I-"

of course, and can point the moral."

lightly renounce your life's happiness."

will not give him up so easily."

gratulations lapse into pity."

beauty, but there were more to love its pos,

ward flesh and blood tabernacle.

ny, rippling stream of water.

deniable.

Yet it proves the proverb truly,

For from eyes that grow unruly

Growing andly over-weary

heart caught in the rebound," she thought, when week after week Oscar Dering would find his way to the rectory garden, or the rectory parlor, to spoud long hours with its

fair young mistress.

She understood so well why he came, because now and then Lillian's name drifted. into the idle talk, and because, as he grew stronger, he dared speak of her and the love he had borne her. It was a mingled pain and pleasure to listen. If only she had not learned her own heart, the pain would have been less. But she was defined to learn it more fatally, yet, as, one morning, about through the the woods together, the startled them both. The next instant her companion sank wirte and senseless on the sward beside her, while the affrighted bunter, whose missimed charge had entered

his arm, hastened forward. "Bring assistance, quickly!" exclaimed Edith, while she raised the heavy head to her lap, "Oscar, speak to me!" she moaned. "Oscar! Oscar!"

Over and over again she repeated his name in the same accents of despairing love until they seemed to force their way into the life-pulses of his being, and roused He opened his eyes with a half-wandering

look, as though delirium must have over-At this instant the hunter returned with

ssistance, and a half-hour later the wounded man had been borne to the rectory, the wound dressed, and the knowledge given that it was merely a flesh hurt, painful but not dangerous; yet his recovery was a tedious affair.

He grew moody and abstracted. It

gave him more time to think of Lillian and his loss, Edith thought, even while she wondered why his eyes followed her with such a strange, questioning look. Once she entered his room with some freshly-cut flowers "Where shall I put them, Mr. Dering?"

A. Mr. Dering?" he answered. "Did I it a sweet fancy wafted from dream-Again the primson tide de d her face. "Don't!" she said as though he had

hurt her, and basened from the room, bearing with her the flowers, and it seemed to im the light and sunshine. Had he been blind all this time, and was he just beginning to see? A grand ball was to be given at Ames

Court, at which Lillian insisted that Edith should be present. The invalid was fully recovered now, and he, too, was summoned Miss Ames had plunged into constant gaiety since the breaking of her engagement to Oscar Dering, but it all had failed to fill

the empty place in her heart On the evening of her ball, she picked up the man to whom she so lately had been be-

It was a published decision of the court, that, owing to some disability, the title could not descend to Oscar Dering's cousin, but, together with the estates, must remain in

He was, then, Lord Dering still! Fool that she had been! But the decision had been made public but a few hours. He would never dream of the accident which had brought it to her knowledge, To-night, while he still thought her in ignorance, she must win him back.

Never had she been more capricious with her toilet ; never had she looked more ravishingly levely than when she descended to

It was hite when he entered the spacious "I have been waiting for you," she said, in her; sweetest, lowest tones.

"You have honored me too greatly, Miss "Let us go into the conservatory," she added. "It is cooler there."

He offered her his arm. From a distant corner of the room, Edith "She need not have feared," she thought, bitterly-only, the nest moment, to re-

preach herself with her selfilmess. "I will not begrudge him any happiness," she said · Have you forgotten the last time we were here together, Mr. Dering?" Lillian was a king at this moment.

"No," he answered, gravely, looking mietly but surprisedly into the beautiful "Cau one ever retrieve a mistake," she a ked, "when one finds it out?"

"I do not know," he replied, toying with could probe the discovery so new to her ued; "Can one cause the rose blighted in self-to trace the scarlet blush which michummer to bloom again in the frosts of til she wondered that it did not leave its | She knew then what he meant and kn

that it was too late to retrieve the past, "We are dealing in similes!" she ex olaimed, hiding her wound with a proud smile. "Perhaps it is the place. Let us resome household pretext, until one morning turn to our grests." An hour later Oscar Dering led Miss Lor-

ing to the same spot. "I love you, Edith," he said, simply. III thought my heart was dead when I met you. I know now that it had never lived. My darling, will you be my wife?" "Oh, Oscar, you are sure, sure of your,

"I have been made sure to-night," he an-His voice sounded the same as of old—
the bright, cheery tone was nuchanged. He breaking off the splendid rose with which was not broken-hearted, then, or at least he he had toyed an hour before, to place it in

She was too happy to question his words or their meaning—too happy even to let Miss Ames' congratulations sting, when she "heart caught in the rebound. Did !

Too happy even to be made happier when she learned she was to share no humble lot with the man she loved, but that her weddirg day made her Lady Edith Dering.

THE REV. JOHN HOME, THE AUTHOR OF " DOUGLAS,"

In the year 1195, there had been some disturbance in a Highland regiment, the Breadalbane Fencibles; but the soldiers ens intolerance of the Scottish clergy at this were made sensible of their misconduct, and period could be cited than their treatment of of the necessity of consequent punishment; whereupon four men voluntarily offered themselves to stand trial and suffer the senhe Rev. John Home, whose tragedy of "Douglas" was produced in 1756. The well-known story of the Scotchman who, tence of the law as an atonement for the whole. The men were accordingly marched to Edinburgh Castle for trial. On the march when the curtain fell upon one of the acts this play, rose up in the pit, and, looking around with an air of supreme exultation, cried out, "Weel, lads, where's your Wully one of the men stated to the officer com-manding the party, Major Coin Campbell. Shakespeare now?" well illustrates the that he had left business of the utmost impride felt by the nation in this native proportance to a friend in Glasgow, uncornction; it became to them what "Hamlet" is to the Englishman; and it may be his death; that, as to himself, he was fully safely averred that, until at least within these prepared to meet his fate, but with regard twenty years, there was not a regular play-goer in Scotland, young or old, who could not have prompted the play from memory. Yet at the time of its production it stirred up a terrible storm. The Presbytery of to his friend, he could not die in peace until the business was settled, and that, if the officer would suffer him to return to Glasgow for a few hours, he would join him before he reached Edinburgh, and march as a prisoner with the Party. The soldier added, "You have known me since I was a child; Edinburgh cited not only the author to appear before them-he very wisely, however, evaded their thunders by resigning his charge—but also the ministers who had you know my country and kindred, and you may believe I shall never bring you any been guilty of the crime of being present at blame by a breach of the promise I now make to be with you in full time to be dethe represention, all of whom were forth-with suspended. Circular letters were sent livered up in the castle." round to all the other Presbyteries, recom-This was a startling proposal to make to the efficer; but his couldence was such mending the most rigorous measures against such offenders ; while an act of exhortation that he complied with the promise of the was read to every congregation, forbidding prisoner, who returned to Glasgow at night, the members to witness a play which was settled his business, and left the town be-fore daylight to redeem his pledge. He was denounced as blasphemons and as encourag-

GAMBETTA'S LOVEMAKING

Gambetta is a bachelor; but he has not lived so long without having at least contemplated marriage. The story of his engagement to an heiress in Western France, and its sudden breaking off, gives us a fresh glimpse of his character.

From the time of his leaving his humble home at Cahors, till his rise to the highest rank of public personages, Gambetta lived with a faithful, loving, devoted aunt, who had followed him to Paris, and who made, everywhere he went, a pleasant home for him. She was at once his maid-of all-work and his congenial companion, and he was as deeply attached to her as she to him. His engagement to a handsome and ac-

complished girl. with a dot of seven millions, was a short to the good aunt; but she yielded gracefully to the inevitable. When the arrangements for the marriage were being discussed, however, the young lady took it into her head to make it a condition of their union that the aunt should be excluded from

She was scarcely elegant enough to adora gilded salons. Gambetta explained how much his aunt had been to him; the rich beauty was only the more obdurate. Gambetta took up his hat, and, with a profound bow, "Adien," said he; "we were not made to understand each other." And the marriage was put off forever,

OWLS AS PETS, When the boys in Europe wish to rob an torking with their claws and are easily drawn up, as they possess the faculty of holding on in a high degree, as my torn clothes and incerated hands could frequently testify. Owls are easily tamed, and someare more difference in individual tempers than most people would imagine. I have ed recently. One was wounded with a rifle ball; one was trapped; the other attacked a hen in mid-day, but was in turn knocked over by a gallaut gamecock; the farmer saw the circumstance, ran and threw his coat over the owl and secured him. All my birds are very tame, and will submit to be coaxed on the head and will take food from the hand at any time of the day or night. I think I may say the snowy owls is an exception among rapacious birds in the quality of its flesh, as it is really tender and well tasted. I have

known it caten on several occasions and

pronounced excellent. One was served up

incognito at a public dinner, and greatly rel-

GYPSY REVENCE. Some time recently a respectable old ceasant farmer in Roumania, smitten by the charms of a young gypsy girl belonging to a tribe that had squatted in the neighborhood of his farm, induced the maiden to listen to his addresses, and finally obtained her consent to become his wife. He received several warnings from sundry of her gypsy lovers, couched in threatening terms, but was so infatuated by her surprising beauty that he disregarded these itions and married her. On his wedding night a number of stalwart gypsy youths broke into his house, seized him in his bridal bed, bound him to a plank, and deliberately sawed him in two, having preeyes. On the same night the tribe struck its tents and decamped, nor have the authori-ties as yet succeeded in laying hands upon the perpetrators of the crime.

There are a great many people in the world who are bound by the close ties of blood to the man who said that he had laid up two shillings, one for himself and one for the Lord, but that the one he had intended for the Lord had been lost in an unfortunate

There is a beatitude of sorrow. Gains spring out of losses. Benefits flow from afons. The morning is borne of the night, and the spring of the winter. From the verge of destruction life is redeemed. And from apparent wasting and decrepitude comes forth youthful vigor, like the fabled eagle's renewal. Such is the wisdom of the Divine aconomy in nature, in society, and

To dream gloriously you must act glori-usly, while you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your aleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue

SJECTS OF THE NIGHTSTS.

The following account of the aims of Ni-hillism is taken by the St. Petersburgh cor-respondent of the Cologue Gazette from a at the trial of the well-known Socialist leader Netchayeff, in 1871 : "We must enter into close contact with the people, and especially with those who from the time of the foundation of the Russian Power have never ceased to protest by their acts (not by their clergy and the traders. Our organiz and our whole object consists in making of and our whole object consists in making of the elements opposed to the State an instru-ment for its destruction. Russian history has only had two epochs in which the Rus-sian people have really lived, those of the revolutionists Stenke Rasin and Pugatcheff. Our task is the universal and pitiless destruction of what exists; it is for the future rations to deal with what may arise afterwards. Our revolution must not be like those of Western Europe, which have been satisfied with political changes without touching upon the institutions of property and so-called civilization. The people can only be benefitted by a revolution which shall tear out by the roots every power of State and destroy all State traditions and classes in Russia. The Russian revolutionist is a man who has taken a vow; he has no interests or feelings, not even a name. Bearing in mind his sole object-destruction-he can and mast live in society; he must force his way into all branches of itinto the beaureaucratic and military worlds, into the world of literature, into the secre police and even into the Winter Palace. The revolutionist knows not relationship friendship, love, magnanimity, or even honor—all his feelings are suppressed by the passion for revolution."

BURGLAR ALARM. That the greatest ingonuity should be dis-played in the invention of machinery to economize manual labor is at once natural and creditable, but we did not anticipate at the builder of the future would be called upon to fit a mechanical watch-dog to the treet-door to guard the house he may be aware that, by introducing a flame of gas into an open tube, whether of metalor glass, he tube will sound; in fact, we might easily produce singing flames. There are slight, speaking-tubes—that is to say, tubes that, under ordinary circumstances, do not utter a sound, but if a door be opened, a draught is created, then the glass vibrates, and the most startling noises result. A glass of this ription has been contrived in which when a jet of gas burns, the sound of a dog barking is produced, should the street-door be opened. Thus may the house be guarded by a mechanical worth-dog.

id any one ever hear of a person, because there is counterfeit money in plation, would have nothing to do with sey? Why, then, reject Christianity

harness: there are traces of care, lines o trouble, bits of good fortune, brenches good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has a tug to pull through. If we could make up our minds to accept

he situation in which Providence has placed

s, and then do the best we can there, without replining, we unglit yet evolve some

THE CARE KERNING AREAD

PAINTING

PAPER HANGING

with effect, therefore, requires a certain judgment. They should not lightly be resorted to. If the lady appeals to these moist arguments on all occasions they soon lose their virtue. She simply becomes a damp nuisance. Another important requisite is that they should be used esthetically. It is the theory that tears—pearly tears—flow down the cheek; but in practice it is found.

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